

# MY FIRST CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE TROPICS.

Written for the  
Intelligencer...

(Written for the Intelligencer.)

Christmas morning broke early and bright. Morning seems to come early in that land of flowers and sunshine, and exquisite and indefinable is the charm of the early morning light in the tropics. We had been the guests on the evening before, of a Cuban and his family, at his Christmas eve dinner, which is a national feast, and is served from 11 o'clock, with many courses and much ceremony, up to the hour of 2, and so it seemed as though I had but just touched my head to the long, narrow, hard, and odoriferous pillow, so well remembered by all travelers in Cuba, when the brilliant sunshine streaming through the fret-work of my window, on the Calle Consulado, woke me to the realization that I was again to have a novel experience, and spend my first Xmas in an old Spanish castle.

## An Old Spanish Castle.

The castle was of the best and the most antique. Its walls were stained by the passing years, as its history by patriotic gore. Its lofty, arched entrance, which was door-way and drive-way in one, had opened its massive doors full many a time to princes of the blood-royal in the past of opulence and splendor, when it was the domicile of the haughty Marquis de la Mora, and this, our own country, was still a howling wilderness, peopled for the most part by "Lo" and his brother, the coyote.

But those were the halcyon days, when poor Cuba was at one and the same time, the butt of his derision, and the garden spot of his delicacies—the bloody battle ground of his sons and the golden Eldorado of his riches, and the Spanish grandee. Now the glory of those days, had departed. Now, behold a great sleeping nation, had unexpectedly lifted its head, and most unexpectedly its strong right arm, and the strutting little gold-trimmed armies and the busy little toy battalions were crushed before the average captain had time to say Carumba!

## American Men and Women.

And now big, fearless American men, and more marvelous still, equally fearless American women, were swarming all over the gilded palaces of Spanish luxury, and the dark and loathsome torture chambers of Spanish hate, and this big and splendid monument to Spanish luxury, with its lofty ceilings and imposing marble stairway, its beautiful beds, very much hand-painted and lace-trimmed without, and very much alive within its marble floors and gilded panels and palm adorned patio, was now a boarding house, presided over by a Mexican, who, with an eye covetous to the accumulation of many pesos, divided the stately sala, by partitions of varied heights and here and there rooms for her Spanish officers and trained her game chickens under the palms in the patio.

## The Spanish Perplexed.

This morning of which I wrote, was the Christmas of 1898, and the average Spanish officer, mindful of the advice about crying over spilled milk, was divided between curiosity concerning the newly discovered Americans, and the hurried packing of his "loot" to take back to "Old Madrid." Patriotism is a curious thing. A Spaniard may live in Cuba for years—he may live there from youth to old age—he may even have been born there—he may be married to a Cuban, and he may owe to Cuba all his wealth and the luxury of his environment, but, to the end, he will speak of Cuba as a stopping place, in passing. "I am here (with a shrug of his shoulders) but for the moment. Mañana return to Espana."

I opened my shutters to the bright, soft air. I found señoras and señoritas, but chiefly señoritas, wending their way to and from mass.

## Señoritas Dressed Like Americans.

The señoras for the most part were draped with the soft silken rebozo about the shoulders, as the Spanish lady mantilla upon the hair, but I can yet remember my surprise, to find the Cuban señorita, dressed like an American girl, and often like a Parisian, and this, too, at the close of a bloody war of starvation. "We had coffee at 7, in the Cuban style, not for money, and certainly not for love, could we persuade our Mexican to give us an egg, or an orange, or even a roll."

To our importunities she would shrug her shoulders to the point of touching her ears, ask, "¿Yo quiseo bueno, pan, naranja?" Then squatting down on the floor in front of us—folding her hands across her waist—flattening her nose, and half closing her eyes, in that peculiar manner, which gives to the Mexican the appearance of having looked at the sun for centuries, reply, "Carumbá! It is not the custom of the country!" That settled it. We drank our thick coffee and hot sweetened milk, with the sad silence and chastened spirit, of one who is conscious of having committed a grave breach of etiquette.

## Unlike Our Christmas.

Christmas in Havana as the feast was observed before the infusion of American blood and American tastes, and American energy, bore scarcely one feature of resemblance to that day, which brings "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" in our northern homes in the states. There are, of course, the open churches and the same scattering attendance, but there is no hanging up of the mysterious stocking, no splendor of the gaudy "tree," no gifts to especially mark the "good will," no mistletoe to make a daring act "correct," and no holly to mark the soft laughter of its sunny hours. Even the great American turkey was ignored—almost unknown, the principal dish on every Christmas dinner table, being a roast pig, with a Spanish apple in its mouth—a pig which had been purchased in the morning alive, killed in the patio, about noon, and served to the queen's taste at the 8 o'clock dinner.

## How They Vend Roast Pig.

It is no uncommon sight, in any of

the Cuban cities, to see the pig, already baked, carried about the streets on the dirty shoulders of the vendor—the legs encircling his equally dirty neck, and offered from house to house for sale, or it may be, sold by the slice.

There were two other American families, including three ladies, in the house, beside ourselves, and the day being excessively warm, after coffee we dressed in our most diaphanous organdies, and strolled out to see what message the Christ Child had brought to the children of men in Cuba. At that time the oriental appearance of the city, the stucco palaces, the heavy columned portals, the Moorish houses, the dark featured race, the Spanish language and the whole ensemble were so new to me that we found sufficient diversion in wandering through the narrow and irregular streets, where each step seemed to transport us farther and farther from this new world, and nearer and nearer to the heart of old southern Spain.

## Left the Seductive Sunshine.

Recalling in time the religious significance of the day, we turned our backs on the seductive sunshine, and the continuous "boom" of the dynamite fire-cracker (which is an element entering into every sort of festa given in Cuba) and entered into the soft and shadowy nave—the calm and perfumed air of La Merced, the most fashionable church in Havana. Here, as elsewhere, the services of the Roman Catholic church were continued throughout the day. We found the music solemn and impressive—that is to say, the voices were fine, but the tones of the organ, like those of the piano, and all other musical instruments in Cuba, were rattling and metallic.

The church was gorgeous with flowers of silver, and flowers of gold, and many priceless draperies of delicate and brilliant satin, gold embroidered and gold fringed.

## The Glitter of Gold.

The glitter of gold is very dear to the Spanish heart, but of the flowers bestowed by nature, not one. And that, too, in the land, where the warm sun caresses nature to its most brilliant bloom, and where the Florida de Palmar, the most gorgeous blossom known to the florist (and for each bloom of which, Thorley, with a smile, that is child-like in trust, will ask you five dollars) grows wild, along the cactus hedge-rows. It is incomprehensible.

The Cuban will decorate his church, or his sala, with the expensive and ugly flowers of bleques, or even of muslin, and allow masses of beautiful blossoms to slay away their fragrant lives in the open common.

At this time there was not, nor had there ever been, a Protestant church in the city of Havana, and we returned to la cessa for almuerzo, the 11 o'clock breakfast, which consisted of six or eight courses of eggs, meat and steaks of the unknown, interspersed with fresh bananas and rice with red peppers, all in this Mexican house, bathed in oil, and baptized in garlic, then we retired for the inevitable, noontime siesta, so dear to the heart of the Cuban.

No shoulda etain etat etataetataetata Present on the Prado.

"We had been told that nothing short of a decree from the captain general or an earthquake must prevent our being present on the Prado at 5 o'clock, and dressed as for a summer day, with parasols and fans, we repaired at that hour to the promenade of fashion. Living, as I did for the greater part of the subsequent two years, upon its broad expanse, I became more or less familiar with the kaleidoscope gallery of the Prado, but I still recall the keen pleasure it gave me on that Friday to witness the imposing procession of the officers of the Spanish army, and the captain general of the island. Another feature of that day, which differed from other days, was the revelling of groups of dancers, each group dressed to represent some preferred country, wearing the national costume, and dancing the national dances to the national music of that country.

## Time Works Changes.

Oh, tempora! Oh, mores! Where the Spanish señorita languished in laces and ribbons, under the suspicious eye of the ever-present duenna, the breezy American girl walks briskly along, in shirt waist and short skirt, protected only by a pair of shoulder straps. Where the Spanish officers' flashing equipage suggested medieval splendor, now the up-to-date Cuban holds the ribbons over his trotter, attached to a spic and span stanhope.

Where the orders and the eyes of the last Castellano glittered from the gilded coach of the Palacete, the burly form of Gen. Wood, clad in khaki, takes an airing in a plan landau, and where the gaily bedecked dancer marked time to the Spanish fandango, or the soft, sensuous rhythm of "Old Madrid," now the white-clad vendor, with his tray, calls aloud, A-m-e-r-i-c-a-n-c-a-n-d-y.

## Could Not Find a "Tree."

"The other Americans in the house and we had planned to have a 'tree,' but in the turbulent state then existing in Havana, no such thing could be found, and we were obliged to fall back on the glossy leaves of the mango palm—the majestic grace, of the cocoanut leaves and grasses for our 'green.' One of the American ladies conceived a most delicious egg-nogg, and fortunately I had carried with me a large and juicy fruit cake, the gift of a thoughtful friend, when I was about to sail, so, during the evening, as our friends from the 'colony' kept dropping in, we draped a silken American flag upon the old Spanish wall, lighted our candles, and had quite a function, where, for the first time during that strange Christmas day, I realized that I was not Karajano, nor Cubano, nor even 'Americano,' but just glad to be only an American."

DOROTHY PATTERSON.

## TOPICS OF THE SCHOOLS.

Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, state superintendent of free schools, of the great state of Pennsylvania, in his report just issued for the year ending June 30, 1900, states that there are 1,151,580 pupils in the public schools of the state, and 29,290 teachers. The receipts for school and building purposes during the year were \$24,915,665, and the expenditures, \$21,416,994. He recommended that the state appropriations be used for the betterment of the schools and not for the reduction of local taxation, or in the purchase of useless apparatus or showy appliances. Pennsylvania has thirteen normal schools and she appropriates \$200,000 yearly for their support, or \$20,000 to each school. How does this compare with the amount appropriated for the support of the West Virginia normal schools? There is something here for West Virginians to think about. State Superintendent Schaeffer is well known to Wheeling teachers, and to many in other parts of the state, as he has been instructor at a number of our teachers' institutes.



THE LATEST GOLF CAPE.

This extremely stylish cape is built of white and black plaid golf cloth, and trimmed with a stitched design of black cloth.

As an educator he stands second to none in the United States, or in any other country, for that matter. He is held in the very highest esteem in his own state, and it will be well for our state to have him at many institutes in the future.

The writer is in receipt of the West Virginia School Journal for the month of December, and as usual there are many good things in it. The article on the subject, "Our State Normal Schools," should be read by everybody, but especially should it be read by every member of the legislature that meets next month at Charleston. It is a shame that our normal schools are so meagerly supported by appropriations from the state. No one in the state is better prepared to discuss the subject than is Professor Corby, the writer of the article. As to whether we have too many normal schools, the writer thought just as the professor did at one time, i.e., he believed that there were too many normal schools, and he still believes that there did not exist the necessity for the last three at the time they were organized, but now we have them and our state has developed so that we can well afford to appropriate a sufficient amount of money to make them what they ought to be. We have none too many, and if our legislature will appropriate half as much for each school as does the state of Pennsylvania, our schools will get along well. And why should not this be done? Our state is well able to do it, and every dollar appropriated for educational purposes yields a hundred per cent interest.

Oh, tempora! Oh, mores! Where the Spanish señorita languished in laces and ribbons, under the suspicious eye of the ever-present duenna, the breezy American girl walks briskly along, in shirt waist and short skirt, protected only by a pair of shoulder straps.

Where the Spanish officers' flashing equipage suggested medieval splendor, now the up-to-date Cuban holds the ribbons over his trotter, attached to a spic and span stanhope.

Where the orders and the eyes of the last Castellano glittered from the gilded coach of the Palacete, the burly form of Gen. Wood, clad in khaki, takes an airing in a plan landau, and where the gaily bedecked dancer marked time to the Spanish fandango, or the soft, sensuous rhythm of "Old Madrid," now the white-clad vendor, with his tray, calls aloud, A-m-e-r-i-c-a-n-c-a-n-d-y.

Why do not our legislators see things this way? But none so blind as those who do not wish to see. The quotation is changed just a little.

Several times in these notes the writer has called attention to the subject of music in our schools and the great advantage it is to the schools in every way. No one thing does our schools more good. As to its interfering with the other studies, it is simply nonsense, and if "Citizen," who thinks this way, will take the pains to spend one day with our music director and watch her work, he will think just as the writer does. He will also find that Miss Robinson does more than to merely assign a lesson. There is no one in the school work in the city kept busier and does more conscientious work than she does. There are some who cannot learn music or will not, but for every one who does not after three years in our public school, as is the case with "Taxpayer's" daughter, at least one hundred can be found who can read music just as promptly and correctly as they read their lessons in the reader. Then the influence of music upon the discipline

of the school. Nothing will subdue the unruly boy so quickly and so well as to get him interested in music. But it is not necessary to say more; it would be a great big step backward to drop music from the course.

There are many institutions in the state of West Virginia of which our citizens should be proud, but there is none more deserving than the industrial home for girls at Salem, Harrison county. The report of the board of directors, and of the superintendent, Miss E. C. Cohan, are both very interesting documents. Miss Cohan's report, giving the scope of the school, i.e., what it has done, is now doing, and what it proposes to do, should be read by everyone in the state. The legislature at its coming session will be asked to deal liberally with the school in the matter of appropriations.

The mothers' meetings at Ritchie school, on Wednesday and Thursday, December 19th and 20th, were well attended, about fifty mothers in all being present. To say that they were the best yet yet held is but expressing the sentiment of all, both mothers and teachers. The meeting was in the nature of a round table. Some ten or twelve points were presented by the principal, they having been suggested by the teachers. Quite a number of the mothers, as well as the teachers, took part in the discussion, which was of a very interesting nature. Supt. Anderson was present on Thursday, and gave one of his good talks. Some of the points proposed were as follows: 1. Home study. How much? Is it the duty of the parent to enforce it? Quite a number of the mothers were emphatic in saying that home study was necessary, and they did enforce it, as far as the larger pupils were concerned. 2. Tardiness. Can the parent assist in breaking it up? 3. How far should parents listen to children's tales concerning teachers and schools? This caused quite a discussion. One mother said she considered herself ruler in the household, but that the teacher was ruler at school, and she did not listen to tales at all. Another said that while she believed her children to be fairly truthful, they were apt to color matters that took place at school, and hence she made all allowance for tales brought home. If anything serious, she generally tried to see the teacher, etc., etc. 4. Do parents try to get acquainted with the teachers of their children? 5. Do teachers like the proper pains to get acquainted with the parents of their pupils? 6. Conduct of pupils on their way to and from school. 7. Should parents discourage their children in the study of music? These are some of the points discussed. The next meetings will be held in February, 1901.

Teachers and pupils are under many obligations to the members of the board of education for the good long holiday to be enjoyed, and their thanks are hereby extended. All will come back with the determination to do better work after the good long rest.

## THE PEDAGOGUE.

"I HAD a running, itching sore on my leg. Suffered tortures. Doan's Ointment took away the burning and itching instantly, and quickly effected permanent cure." C. W. Lenhart, Bowling Green, O.—4

## LARGE INCREASES

In the Population of Many Counties in West Virginia, Especially in the Mining Districts—West Virginia Census Bulletin.

The census bureau has just issued census bulletin No. 20, giving the population of all the states and territories by counties, together with the population in 1890 and the increase during the decade. The bulletin gives West Virginia's population in 1900 as 558,800, as compared with 762,794 in 1890, an increase of 196,006.

In some of the counties of the state, some striking increases are shown, particularly in the coal mining districts. There are four counties that have increased over 11,000; these are McDowell, Marion, Kanawha, and Fayette. Ohio county increased from 41,557 to 48,024, or 6,467. Kanawha leads in population; Ohio second, Wood third, Marion fourth, Fayette fifth and Cabell sixth. The figures in detail are as follows:

Counties.	1890.	1900.	Inc.
Bartholomew	13,168	12,702	4,496
Berkeley	10,428	15,702	747
Boone	8,194	6,885	1,500
Braxton	18,951	13,528	4,976
Brooke	7,419	6,620	669
Cabell	29,252	33,505	5,537
Calhoun	10,299	8,155	2,111
Clay	8,741	4,761	3,800
Doddridge	12,658	12,183	1,598
Fayette	31,957	20,542	11,445
Gilmer	11,752	9,749	2,016
Grant	7,225	6,802	473
Greenbrier	20,683	15,834	2,619
Hamshire	11,806	11,419	387
Hancock	6,141	5,114	720
Hardy	8,449	7,567	882
Harrison	27,690	21,919	5,771
Jackson	22,987	19,429	3,566
Jefferson	15,335	15,753	382
Kanawha	54,696	42,756	11,940
Lewis	16,280	15,865	1,055
Lincoln	15,474	11,246	4,138
Logan	4,955	11,101	4,146
McDowell	18,747	32,400	11,447
Marion	32,430	20,721	11,709
Marshall	24,441	20,735	5,706
Mason	21,142	22,861	1,719
Mercer	22,622	16,002	7,621
Mineral	12,621	12,865	244
Mingo	11,320	9,900	1,139
Monongalia	19,049	15,705	3,344
Monroe	12,150	12,420	701
Morgan	7,291	6,744	650
Nicholas	11,433	9,909	2,604
Ohio	49,024	41,557	6,467
Pendleton	9,167	8,711	456
Pleasants	9,345	7,733	1,616
Pocahontas	8,572	6,814	1,758
Preston	12,739	20,255	7,516
Putnam	12,739	14,729	2,988
Raleigh	12,476	9,907	2,569
Randolph	17,670	11,533	6,037
Ritchie	15,504	16,823	1,319
Roane	19,552	16,303	4,449
Summers	16,263	13,117	3,146
Taylor	12,078	12,117	381
Tucker	12,433	6,450	6,974
Tyler	18,202	11,982	6,220
Upshur	14,696	12,714	1,982
Wayne	23,619	18,023	5,596
Webster	8,862	4,783	4,079
Wetzel	22,830	16,811	6,019
Wirt	10,291	9,411	870
Wood	51,452	28,812	5,840
Wyoming	8,380	6,247	2,133
Totals	558,800	762,794	196,006

The West Virginia bulletin, giving the population of all incorporated cities, towns and villages will be issued within a few days.

## WEST VIRGINIA BUDGET

From the National Capital—Pensions Granted—Postal Affairs.

Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer. WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24.—Pensions have been granted to West Virginia applicants as follows:

Original—Andrew Elswick, Harrison, \$5, and Henry C. Sisk, Cove Gap, \$6. Increase—Dryden Pauley, Ruth, to \$50; Addison Dunlap, Scioto, to \$5, and David Shaw, Ridgegate, to \$14.

Additional—Elijah Hoy, Boland, \$5. Reissue—George W. Hunter, New Cumberland, \$12, and Margaret Miller, Millwood, \$12.

A pension was also granted to Elizabeth A. Cash, Bellaire, Ohio, for \$5.

## Postal Affairs.

The following postmasters have been commissioned in West Virginia: John W. Flinn, Oak; Daniel R. McCullough, Mole Hill; Amos Bowers, Sugar Grove, and Willie C. McElroy, Osgood, Monongalia county.

The postoffice at Rodes, Fayette county, West Virginia, has been ordered discontinued. Hereafter mail will be sent to Gatewood.

The postoffice department has issued an order establishing mail messenger service to Sewell, Fayette county, West Virginia, from the Chesapeake & Ohio railway; route, 114,450.

An order has been issued by the postoffice department as follows:

"A daily, except Sunday, exchange of inner registered sacks has been ordered, to commence on the 28th inst., between Pittsburgh, Pa., and New Cumberland, W. Va., via the Cleveland & Pittsburgh railroad postoffice, leaving Pittsburgh at 5:30 a. m., and via the Wellsville and Bellaire railroad postoffice, leaving New Cumberland at 6:15 p. m."

A change has been ordered in the schedule on star route 16,774, Dallas to Crow's Mills, West Virginia. Hereafter mail will leave Dallas daily except Sunday at 1:30 p. m., and returning from Crow's Mills, will leave at 4:20 p. m.

## Two Drowned.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa., Dec. 23.—While a party of young people were skating upon the ice on the Susquehanna river last night at State Line, four miles north of Susquehanna, the ice broke and two of the number, Miss Ida McKune, of State Line, aged twenty-two, and Arthur Manson, of Lanesboro, aged twenty, were drowned.

Would Save Fifteen Seconds. TRENTON, N. J., Dec. 23.—The Pennsylvania portion of Trenton, and negro Pennsylvania Railroad Company has purchased about thirty properties in the tations are pending for the acquisition of about the same number of additional properties. It is believed that the object is to straighten the company's tracks in South Trenton reducing the distance between New York and Philadelphia about a quarter of a mile.

Well-Known New Yorker Dead. SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 23.—Theodore L. Poole, United States marshal for the northern district of New York state, member of the Fifty-fourth Congress from 1894 to 1895, and a Civil war veteran, died of apoplexy this morning.

Veteran Railroad Dead. CINCINNATI, Ohio, Dec. 23.—W. B. Jones, who has been treasurer and assistant secretary of the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern railway and its predecessors for over thirty years, died suddenly at his residence here to-day, aged fifty-three years.

Berlin Not So Slow. BERLIN, Dec. 23.—The population of Berlin, including the suburbs, is 2,469,666, as compared with 2,076,946 in 1895. The electric trolley system is rapidly displacing the streetcar system on the busiest streets of Berlin.

AN after-thought thought, a bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne, and then "sweet sleep."

# Woman or Slave?

Which do you prefer to be? Why be a slave to the many ills which harass women when you can be free? Have you any of these symptoms?

Disordered kidneys are indicated by pains in the back, distress or fullness after eating, scanty or scalding urine, weakness and chill, pains in the joints, nervousness, sleeplessness, loss of vitality, swelling in limbs or body or both, and sediment in the urine.

Stop the awful strain on your system by taking

MORROW'S

## KID-NE-OIDS

Suffering humanity is constantly finding quick and sure relief by using this wonderful medicine. Mild cases are often cured in a week.

KID-NE-OIDS are yellow tablets and come packed in neat wooden boxes, enough for about two weeks' treatment. All drug stores sell them for 50c a box, six boxes, \$2.50. Your druggist will tell you the truthful testimony of those who have been cured by KID-NE-OIDS in your town.

Morrow's Liverlax cures constipation, biliousness, costiveness—they sell for 25c a box—at all drug stores. Mailed on receipt of price. Manufactured by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Springfield, Ohio.

Mrs. S. B. Gartner, residing at 1915 Sixteenth Street, says: "I suffered for a long time with disordered kidneys. Nothing could do or would give me any relief, and when I saw Morrow's Kid-Ne-Oids advertised, I decided to give them a trial. I secured some. I took them for a short time in the direction said and they gave me relief."



FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES.

# THIS BEAUTIFUL DECANTER FREE.

HANDSOME CUT GLASS PATTERNS FILLED WITH CHOICEST CALIFORNIA PORT WINE WITH EVERY DOLLAR PURCHASE OF WINES AND LIQUORS BETWEEN DEC. 15th AND JAN. 15th.

## A SUPERB HOLIDAY GIFT.

GET UP CLUBS AND SAVE EXPRESSAGE. WE PAY IT ON \$10.00 ORDERS, REMEMBER \$5.00 ORDERS, 5 DECANTERS, ETC. 200 VARIETIES OF WINES AND LIQUORS TO SELECT FROM. CATALOGUE FREE.

JOS. FLEMING & SON. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS. 412 MARKET ST. PITTSBURGH, PA.

# NERVITA PILLS

Restore Vitality Lost Vigor and Manhood... Cure Impotency, Night Emissions, Loss of Memory, all wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion. A nerve tonic and blood builder. Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail 50c per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, with our bankable guarantee to cure or refund the money paid. Send for circular and copy of our bankable guarantee bond.

## NERVITA TABLETS EXTRA STRENGTH

Positively guaranteed cure for Loss of Power, Varicocele, Undeveloped or Shrunken Organs, Paresis, Locomotor Ataxia, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Fits, Insanity, Paralysis and the Results of Excessive Use of Tobacco,